

WHOOP-E-EE ! IT'S OUR NIGHT TO HOWL !



Pioneer Re-Union



FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER

TO

OLD TIME OPEN RANGE MEN OF NORTH WEST TERRITORIES

BY

CANADIAN PACIFIC



JULY TWELFTH, NINETEEN-THIRTY-TWO



PALLISER HOTEL

CALGARY, ALBERTA, CANADA





PASSING !

Ten Thousand cattle straying,
As the rangers sang of old;
The warm chinook's delaying
The aspen shakes with cold.
Ten Thousand herds are passing,
So pass the golden years:
Behind us clouds are massing,
Like the last of the old frontiers.



“GRUB PILE”

“Come an’ git it, or we’ll throw it out”.

B. C. Celery

Injun Olives

Prairie Radishes



Chicken Soup



Mountain Trout (*Caught in Season*)



Roast Prime Ribs of Red Brand Alberta Beef, Pan Gravy,
Yorkshire Pudding



Baked Tomato, Mashed Murphey’s



Range Salad



Spotted Pup

Southern Corn Cake with Lick



Java



Chuck-wagon Rolls



Nester Cheese and Round-up Crackers

THE RAILROAD CORRAL

Oh we're up in the morning ere breaking of day,
The chuck-wagon's busy, the flapjacks in play;
The herd is astir o'er hillside and vale,
With the night riders rounding them into the trail.

Oh, come takeup your cinches, come shake out your reins;
Come wake your old broncho and break for the plains;
Come roust out your steers from the long chaparral,
For the outfit is off to the C. P. corral.

The sun circles upward; the steers as they plod
Are pounding to powder the hot prairie sod;
And it seems as the dust makes you dizzy and sick
That we'll never reach noon and the cool, shady creek.

But tie up your kerchief and ply up your nag;
Come dry up your grumbles and try not to lag;
Come with your steers from the long chaparral,
For we're far on the road to the C. P. corral.

The afternoon shadows are starting to lean,
When the chuck-wagon sticks in the marshy ravine;
The herd scatters farther than vision can look,
For you can bet all true punchers will help out the cook.

Come shake out your rawhide and snake it up fair;
Come break your old broncho to take in his share;
Come from your steers in the long chaparral,
For 'tis all in the drive to the railroad corral.

But the longest of days must reach evening at last,
The hills all climbed, the creeks all past;
The tired herd droops in the yellowing light;
Let them loaf if they will, for the railroad's in sight.

So flap up your holster and snap up your belt,
And strap up your saddle whose lap you have felt;
Goodbye to the steers from the long chaparral,
For there's a town that's a trunk by the C. P. corral.